

Midnight Blue, Morning Gold

by Lumeha

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Summary: 30 Kisses challenge (Gamma list) - Zombies aren't that bad. Far from the mindless, hungry hordes from movies. And the same could be told about necromancers. Akon is used to this. Especially now that he lives with his small, grumpy and short-tempered agender partner, Hiyori, who happens to have been brought back as an undead by him when they were younger.

1. Inside Out

A fun little challenge to distract me from my studies ? Hell yes ! I am doing the 30 Kisses Challenge (List Gamma) with my dear friend Arienlys.

Playing with a modern, zombie-and-necromance Alternative Universe, with an agender zombie Hiyori and a necromancer Akon. And friends ! Who are going to appear in later drabbles !

Enjoy !

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><p>01 - Inside out

Hiyori was sitting cross-legged on their old and used couch, PokÃ©mon game forgotten on eir lap, battle music still playing, with eir eyes focused on him. Akon turned his head toward em. It was hard to ignore that gaze, clinging to his skin, even if he couldn't put his finger on why ey was looking at him like this.

- What ? ... Seriously, what ?

- Did ya look at yourself this morning or ... ? Y'know that mirrors are a thing, right ? 's not like you are a vampire. Just a human necromancer. I'm the undead one here, ey said with a small grunt.

Akon rolled his eyes and leaned back in his computer chair, trying to get his attention back to his work, before ruffling his already messy hair and sighing. A small smirk was appearing on Hiyori's face, almost like a growling laughter, teeth and fangs flashing under eir lips.

- Okay, what's so funny ?

- Y'should really, I dunno, take a good look at yourself.

- I'm busy, Hiyori. So can you please tell me ? Because otherwise, seriously, I have an exam coming and...

- Yeah, yeah, work for that thing, yeah. Glad I don't have to study. Death has some perks. Undeath ? Whatever. No longer my problem.

~O~

With a deep sigh, Akon closed his laptop. A headache was slowly creeping its way along his skull and he knew it was a lost battle already. It was only the middle of the afternoon and he couldn't keep on studying like that. Maybe drinking something could help... He got up and closed his eyes, rubbing cold fingers against his temple, in the vain hope that it could help.

- Headache ?

He flinched before turning his head toward Hiyori, bright gold eyes looking at him, a fang barely shown through eir lips. Ey left the couch at one point in the afternoon, following the warmth of the sun, like a dog trying to nap in the warmest place in the house, and he lost track of em while trying to remember medical terms and illnesses and how human bodies work. It was funny, how it worked, how some parts had no secrets for him, not after living with a zombie. A grumpy, easy to anger, and sometimes very insecure zombie. Movies really didn't understand how they worked. But the same could be said for most of magical subjects and creatures...

- Yeah... Probably shouldn't look at a screen until it passes.

Hiyori had a nose for his problems, small or big, always ready to growl at them and bite. Ey pushed him toward the couch, before disappearing in the kitchen. Ey reappeared a couple minutes later, a glass of water and pills in eir hands. He downed them quickly, hoping it would kill the headache before it would kill him.

- You didn't notice, right ?, ey asked suddenly, looking at him with eir head tilted and a slight gleam in eir eyes.

- Noticed what...? No I didn't, since I don't know what you are talking about. So ? What should I have been noticing ?

- Your shirt. It's been inside-out since this morning. How the fuck you can miss something like that ?

Akon looked down on his shirt. Hiyori was right ; he could see the seams of his shirt.

- That was the thing you were looking at this morning ? ... Seriously ? You think an inside-out shirt is fascinating ?

Only the ghost of a smile answered him, with a low growl of contentment, and with a light sigh, he leaned in and kissed eir forehead.

2. Valentine's Day - White Day

Absolutely not based on personal experiences and feelings (this is a lie and this is actually based on personal experiences and feelings - except I am not a zombie)

Please enjoy :) !

* * *

><p>02 â€" Valentine's Day White Day**

February was rolling in, with its cold wind and rain... and a prickly Hiyori looking at Valentine's Day posters, flyers and advertisements with a deep growl every time ey saw them in the streets. Akon didn't have to ask why. Not only people were confusing em for a teen most of the time...

- Do you already have your Valentine's day chocolate miss ?

- Fuck off ! Not your damn problem, I just fucking want to pay my stuff !

The store clerk took a step behind him, surprised. With a sigh, Akon went up to them and put a hand on Hiyori's shoulder. Being confused for a teen was already annoying enough for the short zombie, who had a stunted growth because of eir undeath. He quickly learned that around Valentine's Day, for a reason Hiyori never told him, ey had even more of a problem when ey was being misgendered.

- It's some fucking stupid... goddamn...

- It's alright Hiyori. There. You wanted to buy something else ?

The zombie growled and took eir bag after paying, leaving the store with eir shoulders tense and half of eir face disappearing into eir black scarf. Akon followed em, apologizing with a small gesture of the hand to the store clerk.

He waited until they finally arrived to the flat, Hiyori crashing into the couch with a grunt, the bag of sweets abandoned on the floor, to finally ask the question.

- Why does it bother you so much during Valentine's Day ?

- Because it's a fucking load of crap. Like. Fucking hell. I just...

Ey let a growl out and put eir face into one of the soft cushion.

- Like, yeah, no one fucking expect me to not be a goddamn woman

and... that fucking stupid day is for Â« women to buy shit chocolate for men they know Â» and that whole load of crap and...

Akon sat on the couch and ruffled eir hair. The zombie moved close to him, putting the cushion on his lap. He could feel the skin shiver under his fingers.

- I don't exist in this stupid shit... and people keep telling me I do, but it's not true, but they fucking insist that I am a woman because I can't fucking look how I want and even if I did I'm sure they would still do it, because, hey ! I don't fucking exist ! What is that weird thing of Â« not having a gender Â» ? And...

- We could make our own.

- What ?

Hiyori rolled on eir back, looking at him with a puzzled look, a inquisitive growl on the lips.

- Our own day to celebrate love. Hey. Maybe we could even make, like, an event for people who are like you.

- Undead or agender ?

- I hope there are more agender people than there are zombies in the country, seriously. And, anyway, that wouldn't really matter. We can't really make a day to celebrate the love of zombies.

Slowly, slowly, the shivering was stopping. He played with the short hair at the nape of eir neck, an almost smile on his lips. With a small grunt, Hiyori put eir hands on his shoulders and raised emself to kiss him, fangs grazing his lips, almost delicate, almost too much.

- And you plan on making a White Day equivalent ? Cover me with chocolate a month later ?

- You want to wait for a month or you want to trade gifts and chocolate on the same day ?

- Both.

3. Passing Notes

03 â€" Passing notes

With Akon buried deep under books and notes and anatomical drawings in the University Library, and eir work at Urahara's place finished for the day, Hiyori directly went to the small training place the older necromancer was renting for their whole group of misfits and weirdos to hang out and fight as needed, instead of heading back to the flat. It was still a bit too early in the afternoon, and no one was there, but ey knew that, in an hour or two, someone was going to show up. Ey was itching for a fight, but if ey could only hit one of the training bags lying around, it would be good enough.

But an hour (and a poor disemboweled bag) later, Hiyori was still alone. With a grunt, ey went to one of the corners of the room, where

a small fridge, a coffee machine and a box full of sweets and cookies were put. On top of the fridge, a huge package of colourful post-it notes and a bunch of pens of every colour and origins waited, and its white door was covered in small notes from everyone. Ey didn't even try to check if there was some coffee left in the thermos (there was already a bunch of post-it, from em and Rose, about this never ending problem of not-making-fresh-coffee-when-the-last-batch-was-finished) and opened the fridge to take a can of soda. A note on the fridge caught eir eyes when ey closed the door. It was rare to see the perfectly calligraphed kanjis of Urahara on a post-it note. He generally stayed out of these little conversations.

Â« Please remember about the message I sent last week Â»

Except Hiyori couldn't remember about a specific message he would have sent, that was of any particular importance, except some random things about the store that was really only adressed to em and not the their whole little group. So what the hell was this all about. And ey couldn't remember seeing this particular note last time ey was there, three days ago, so it must have been recent.

- Oh ! Hey ! Hiyori. Shinji is searching for you.

Love entered the small room, raised an eyebrow at the bag left alone on the floor, crying its guts out, before going to the fridge to take something to eat.

- Did that idiot tell you why or â€| ?

- No.

~O~

- Ah, the star of today ! Finally !

- Gods, shut up Rose..., said a grumpy Hiyori, closing the door of the flat behind em.

Shinji, lazily draped on the couch, looked at em with a large grin, while Rose was sighing in an exaggerated way, a hand in his hair. Urahara was sitting with them, his ugly stripped hat forgotten on the coffee table, a spark in his eyes. Seeing the three of them, uninvited, lounging on the couch, was generally a bad sign, according to Hiyori. Because someone, at some point, was going to piss em off. Probably.

- Why is the terrible triad here ?

- Hey, nice name. And don't ask. Super important secret and all that jazz, answered Shinji, the too large smile not leaving his face.

- Have you forgotten the date, Hiyori-san ? asked Kisuke, his head tilted to the side. Anyway... We just need Akon-san, and we are ready to leave. You included, of course.

The date. The date. With a low growl, Hiyori fished eir phone out of eir pocket to check the day. But before ey could do anything, from behind em, Akon put his arms around eir shoulders. Ey tensed a bit, surprised to not have felt his presence or heard the door, before letting out a discontented grunt. It was time that he left the

university's library and came back home.

- Happy birthday, you grumpy zombie, said eir necromancer, leaving a small kiss on the nape of eir neck.

- "It's a goddamn surprise birthday party, isn't it ? The thing. The thing Kisuke left a post-it on the fridge. And I fucking forgot the date and you did everything under my nose. You... !

- And the whole team is going to be there.

- Shall we go ? asked Rose, holding the door open for them to leave. We have important people to meet... and someone to celebrate.

End
file.